

GRAND ARMY of the UNWASHED IN SESSION.

By WILLARD W. GARRISON.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL.



"A" N' DE shack wanted yez tuh heave efinkers, he did. hah? Well, I s'pose yez telt where telt he got off, didn't yez?"

"Naw, not fer dese weary meat hooks. I piles me carcass off de blind at dis hole in de woods an', wedder permittin', me and de boes from de Ollie Magoo bel't'll roost here 'till de snow flikers." "Soy, how's de brakles down dat way? De last time me an' de Honyak wuz dere, de conne elevated us from de inside of a empty inter a cactus garden, four hundred and eighty-wan miles from grub. We walks de ties fer tree weeks. Den we hits Albuquerque an' I near had tuh beat a carpet tuh git grub. De ole gurrul would uv had me walkin' only she grubs me fofst, befoar she brings out de work tools. Den I digs."

"Dere's nuttin' like dat, dere, dese days. Dey leaves de pies an' eats out in de opun an' de bo wot can't freeze to wan meal an hour don't git no soft woids from dis lulu."

That animated, brilliant and engrossing repertoire was only one of several thousand of the same variety, which comprised hobo reminiscences told by members of the great army of the unwashed which assembled in convention not many months ago at Clifford, Ill., for the National Hobo reunion.

Small tramps, fat tramps, tall tramps, short tramps, red-headed ones, blondes, colored tramps, low-down tramps, tramps with high personal regard for their vocations, and others who were sneaky and might be caught working, were it not for the watchfulness of their brothers, all assembled in solemn convocation to worship their goddess, Rest.

These sons of rest—but they were not all sons, there were several daughters of rest—all paid their respects to the cause for which they are fighting in their own tactless way. They, for the nineteenth time, swore loyalty to the association's motto: "Work, washing and worry are weapons of the devil and he who would knowingly or intentionally invite the descent of his platonic majesty in that manner, he it is who is no true Son of Rest."

Slothful Sam, President Weary Willie, Ragged Rufus, Tattered Tom, Reeking Reinald, Dinky Dan, the best dressed "bo" in the association; Handout Hank, Pieface Peter, Loping Louie, Walking Walter, Frayed Francis, Mirthful Mike, Tin-Can Teddy, and all the rest of the influential brethren of the Fraternal Order of the Unwashed, were there.

The attendance was as large as usual. There were some missing, of course. Roll call revealed the fact that Secretary Sighing Sinkers was unavoidably detained by friends among the authorities at the Desplained street police station in Chicago. He was booked as a "vag," much to the unwashed chagrin of President Weary Willie, who in the course of his opening address remarked that it was "De woiest coise dat wuz ever put fort' on dis susseife, tuh tink dat one uv de most necessary poissions of de order should be compelled tuh miss dis intellerger' meetin'."

All the old officers of the association were re-elected, the minutes of the meeting being inscribed upon the brain of President Weary Willie until Secretary Sinkers should be released from his sojourn in Chicago. The members of the association, the most easily satisfied crowd on earth, then adjourned. This action consisted of the chief executive dropping into a sound sleep. Others did the same.

The following day the annual games of the organization were given. There were several innovations, hitherto not introduced. The long distance snoozing contest drew out several hundred entries and it required three days before the judges were able to render a decision. Wakeful Waffles was returned victor eventually, but up to the time of writing he was still snoozing noisily, utterly ignorant of the honor which his happy faculty had thrust upon him.

The handsomest hobo contest was captured by Dinky Dan, who in a little address to the slumbering contestants in the long-distance sleeping contest, declared that in the absence of any prize, the honor alone gave him plenty of satisfaction.

It was decidedly appropriate that Handout Hank should corral the laurels in the handout roping contest. The pies, which proved the articles of war and also the prizes, were placed on a ledge on the outside of a house loaned for the purpose.

Hank, instead of struggling with his fellows on the outside, stole a pitchfork, went inside the house and speared the pies, one by one, from the second story window. Then to rub in the defeat inflicted upon the rest of the convention, he sat on the sill of the open window and slowly munched the pastry delicacies, to the discomfiture of several hundred upturned hungry faces.

Several weeks before the session was called to order Slothful Sam appeared as an advance guard of the army of the unwashed and prepared a set of rules, which were turned over to the meeting, but were turned down by unanimous vote, the members fearing they might inflict punishment upon themselves by voting for the proposed regulations.

Following were Sam's proposals:

That one month's growth of beard be made the maximum.

That special refrigerator cars be provided for tanks.

That questionable touring anecdotes be punished according to the veracity of the tales.

That any member guilty of work be made to toil and wash daily.

That hoboes found guilty of aiding in perpetrating the ancient tin can joke be shunned by their fellows.

That members apprehended with soap upon their persons be given capital punishment.

That rewards of merit be devised for those who promised to work, secured a meal upon that basis, and then deserted.

That a system of chalk signals be arranged to designate homes where the lady of the house is generous.

That the war on savage dogs be carried on with the extermination of all canines in view.

That brakemen be made honorary members of the order.

That those brakemen who have distinguished themselves in the aid of members be awarded rewards of merit.

That thorough tests, mental and physical, be provided for taking in new members.

That beer be made the official drink of the order. That water be shunned with customary regularity.

President Weary Willie pointed that these rules showed the deep thought of Slothful Sam. The president ruled that a man guilty of thinking should be watched, for he might work. So fearful lest there should be a joker concealed somewhere within the resolutions, the convention turned them down flat.

"Even wid dese tings aside," soliloquized Weary, "it needs wolk ter keep dem resoluushuns on de members' min's an' wolk is de most hated uv de order's enemies."

So that ended Slothful Sam's great coup. He said he thought he had a great idea, but he had not figured that in nursing his plans he had infringed upon one of the most sacred traditions of his brothers.

Before members were allowed to enter the field in which the convention was held, a thorough inspection was made of the man's credentials. Bona fide proof of membership was necessary. Traces of prosperity about the hobo's person relegated him to the position of a rank outsider. Special arrangements were made with railroad companies for the transportation of such undesirables.

The meetings, as a rule, were held in Riverview park, Clifford, but occasionally committees met wherever there was standing room. A grand parade

of hoboes took place on the third day of the convention and it was watched by hundreds of townspeople. The hobo association of a nearby district gave an excursion, and a feast, after which the members disbanded to their regular territories, most of them going into winter quarters.

The reader will wonder where the wayfarers slept while they were engaged in carrying out their convention plans. Others wondered, too, but one early-rising farmer near Clifford determined for himself when he found the committee upon the extermination of water anoring in the key of A in a manger early one morning. Others took to reclining benches in the parks, some utilized fence corners, while the more listless of the order satisfied themselves with such luxuries of sleep as were furnished underneath front porches.

All in all, it must be said that the convention was a great success, more enthusiasm attending the meeting than ever before. There was more grub, less allusion to soap and water and lots of sleep for the tourists.

THE WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR.

It is a big thing to be born with a sense of humor. It will force smooth sailing on life's roughest seas, and will make even drudgery bearable.

The woman who cannot see a joke, even at her own expense, is to be pitied—and so are her fondling friends. There is nothing harder on both sides than a humorism that falls flat.

The good people who are interested in the decrease of divorce should have a law passed that the serious minded and the joker may not wed. It means ructions are the orange blossoms fade.

A man not long ago was bewailing a broken engagement. A friend who knew them both said:

"It is the Lord taking a hand to save you from a lifetime of misery. Georgia couldn't see fun if it were labeled JOKE, and you couldn't help joking though it meant a separation from those you loved best."

But it is one thing to have a sense of humor and another to have a warped sense of humor. There is no one more maddening than the person who roars at our mishaps and thinks it "so funny" to mortify his friends.

You can afford to laugh—if you feel like it—when you fall in a crowded ballroom or lose your false puffs in church; but you have no friendship so tender that will warrant a smile when a friend does the same.

It is the woman with the misplaced sense of humor who tells embarrassing anecdotes about family makeshifts, or who repeats as a good joke to a common friend something you have said about her but never intended her to hear.

One of these misplaced humorists is the husband who thinks it funny to ask a guest to have certain dishes, and when she accepts to tell her "We are just out of it."

Have you never been covered with embarrassment by having such a man ask you to say grace at his dinner table and shrink with laughter at your efforts to get out of it?

Then there are humorists who, when you tell a good story, think it "smart" to receive it with forced guffaws, and others who willfully refuse to laugh at the point.

Laugh all you can, but have a sense of fitness in your laughing. To joke over the bumps in your own life will do much to smooth them; to find humor in the mishaps of your friends is soon to find yourself friendless.

No matter how keen your sense of humor, use discretion in sharing a joke with a friend. Humor is like lightning. It rarely strikes twice in the same way.

FORT LEE MONUMENT

UNVEILED ON SITE OF REVOLUTIONARY DEFENSE.

Marks Vantage Point Whence Continental Soldiers Watched British Operations in New York.

New York.—The Fort Lee Revolutionary Monument association gained its desired end the other day when the monument erected to commemorate the important events which took place near Fort Lee in the war of 1775 was unveiled. The association was organized October 22, 1902, and in the winter of 1902-03, through its efforts, an appropriation was obtained from the legislature of \$1,000 as the nucleus of a fund for a monument. To this amount the legislature added at the following session \$5,000.

Steps had been taken by the association to obtain the only suitable site, which was in the outer works of the old fortifications, and after three years a title to this property was gained through condemnation proceedings. A competition for a suitable design was held in October, 1905, in which many sculptors entered. The design offered by Carl E. Tefft of New York, who designed the fountain in the Bronx Zoological park, New York, was chosen by the association, and later approved by the Palisades Interstate Park Commission, which commission was made custodian of the funds.

The design represents two of Gen. Washington's soldiers, a continental and a drummer boy, scaling the Palisades at Fort Lee. The figures are cast in bronze, and are seven and one-half feet high, mounted on a pedestal ten feet in height, quarried from the native trap rock of the Palisades. The statue is erected on a three-foot terrace, bringing the total height to about



Fort Lee Battle Monument.

20 feet. Elaborate plans were made by the association for the exercises which marked the formal recognition by the state of New Jersey of this historical landmark.

On behalf of the state, the principal address was made by Gov. Fort. Other prominent persons, representing the national government, the state of New York and all the principal revolutionary societies, took part in the ceremonies.

The monument is in a park, and stands on a point where the original outer works of the old fort were situated. The monument will also mark what is said to be the original camp occupied by Gen. Lee as his headquarters and the site where Morgan's Virginia riflemen were encamped. The fort played an important part in the movements of the revolutionary army, but no battle of importance was fought there.

Many persons believe that the old fort and camp at Fort Lee were on the Palisades bluff, overlooking the Hudson river, but this is not the fact. The monument cannot be seen from the Hudson river. It was to guard a ravine leading up the Palisades that the fort was erected, and it was situated inland for strategic reasons.

Fort Lee is full of traditional revolutionary history. The ruins of the stone huts which were used by Morgan's men in their stay at Fort Lee are still to be seen, and the Fort Lee association will take steps to preserve them. In these huts the hardy and determined patriots, with constitutions that defied weather and hardships, slept in the cold nights of October and November, 1776. Another reminder of the period is the old stone bake oven found on the premises of the Belvidere hotel, and which for years has been properly labeled and protected. It was in this stone oven that bread for the revolutionary soldiers was baked.

Fort Lee has one tradition handed down from the revolution that has always afforded food for discussion. It is relative to Dead Brook and how the little stream received such a name. One story is that a Hessian soldier was shot by a scout while crossing the brook. Another authority says that the scout, after climbing the Palisades, stopped to take a drink at the brook, and not relishing it went further up to ascertain the cause of the unusual taste of the water. He discovered a Hessian bathing his feet in the stream and shot him. Another story is that a bloody battle was fought along the brook, and because of the presence of so many dead soldiers alongside the tiny stream the name of Dead Brook was applied.

PUTTING IT UP TO BILLIE.

Logical Reason Why He Should Be the One to Ask Favor.

The wagons of the "greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rumble soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old brother, Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and insistent:

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."—Everybody's Magazine.

Ten Years Hence.

Three young men were discussing that awful thing called the future.

"I'll be content," said one, "if, in ten years from now, I have \$1,000,000."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the second, "you want too much. If I have one hundred thousand ten years from now I'll be happy."

The third was a solemn, slow-mannered youth, seldom aroused to excitement. Now, however, he abandoned his recumbent posture on a bed and sat upright.

"Follows," he drawled, "we'll all be lucky, if, ten years from now, we have the price of a square meal."

Which entirely broke up the serious nature of the discussion.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Imaginary Holidays.

I know a man who cannot afford to travel, and yet has a delightful way of deceiving himself. He learns about the cost of traveling, the proper clothing to be worn, gets a time table, and arranges excursions for himself to various places, and then reads about them in books of travel. To the man with imagination it is a captivating occupation.—Hearth and Home.

Even to China Land.

The equalibris wave has reached the shores of China, and it is reported that a number of wives in Canton have left their husbands, saying that they will no longer be subject to them. The wives have had the worst of it, however, as the law gives power to imprison them, and they have had to suffer the consequences of their rash resolves.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

And the Fee in Sight.

Doctors and lawyers have at least one good trait in common. They never give advice before it is asked for.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A woman says that all men may be equal, but none are superior.

Foot-Ache-Use Allen's Foot-Powder. Over 300 testimonials. Relieves inflammation. Send for free trial package. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

An occasional failure doesn't discourage a hunter.

FARMS FOR RENT or sale on crop payments. J. McHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

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May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

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